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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

LET us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradation of the others, possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation, entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisition of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and our sense of them, enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and the greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

From Thomas Jefferson's First Inaugural Address.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1913. NUMBER 18.

PROGRESS.

Children of men! The unseen Power, whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man—
Thou must be born again!

Children of men! Not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

St. Nicholas for July contains an informing article on Alfred Nobel and his prizes for the promotion of peace. This inventor of dynamite, heart broken over his disappointment when he found that his fearfully intensified instruments of destruction, instead of putting an end to war, only increased the cost of armament, acting on the suggestion of his secretary, the Baroness von Suttner, set apart a portion of his great fortune for the encouragement of peace makers. The story is told so as to interest children, but it is equally attractive and informing to the fathers and mothers of children.

The thirteen members of the graduating class of the Theological Department of Oberlin came from ten different colleges and universities and included representatives from Albania and Japan, and Greeks from Turkey-in-Asia. These thirteen are soon to scatter literally in all directions,—Japan, Albania, South Dakota, Kansas, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Ontario, Canada, are to welcome these workers. Surely Oberlin is true to its traditions as a "cosmopolitan seed sower." May it long flourish and *continue to grow.* It is a long way from "Elder Finney" to President King, theologically speaking, but they are brothers of the spirit in so far as they yield to the call of the spirit and are inspired with gospel purposes to help and to heal.

Life publishes the following clause in the pending tariff bill concerning millineries:

Provided, That the importation of aigrettes, egret plumes or "osprey" plumes, and the feathers, quills, heads, wings, tails, skins or parts of skins, of wild birds, either raw or manufactured, and not for scientific or educational purposes, is hereby prohibited; but this provision shall not apply to the feathers or plumes of ostriches, or to the feathers of domestic fowls of any kind.

It comments upon the same as follows:

It is intended to check the "repulsive and horrifying slaughter of valuable and beautiful birds for the feather trade," and to prevent the extermination, now rapidly proceeding, of these birds.

This immense commercialized wild bird slaughter that has been going on for years with constantly increasing thoroughness, serves no defensible purpose. All the uses of ornament and millinery can be served as well by other means. It must stop pretty soon for lack of birds to kill, but by checking it in time what birds are left may be saved and continue their species.

We hope the clause may pass!

A two-thousand dollar Y. M. C. A., built for colored men, was dedicated in Chicago last Sunday. It is located on the corner of Thirty-eighth Street and Wabash Avenue. The dedication was unique in the fact that the hero of the occasion, the orator who commanded most attention and aroused most enthusiasm, to whom even Booker T. Washington, has to play second fiddle, was a Jew. One whom the Y. M. C. A. would not admit into its councils, one excluded from the voting membership of this same organization. All honor to the heart of Julius Rosenwald for thus befriending a much suffering, and to this very time, a much neglected race. All honor to the business sagacity of Julius Rosenwald that led him to make an investment in a successful venture, to put his money where it will undoubtedly do good. But there is an inconsistency, here somewhere, which Julius Rosenwald's personality, judgment and conscience, more than his money, ought to help correct. Shame on the Y. M. C. A. which will much longer continue in its constitution a line of demarkation which in practice it strives in every way to apologize for, or to evade. The very Liberals, the non-evangelicals, which in 1871 (was it?) at Portland, Maine, it was so anxious to keep out, so determined to save itself from, it now courts persistently in every ingenious way,—particularly when the non-evangelical happens to have money. There is danger of a fundamental hypocrisy here, however unconscious, on the part of the receiver and sometimes on the part of the giver. Magnificent as is the scheme of the Y. M. C. A. with its modern buildings, it cannot hope to endure on a sandy foundation. All "Charities" bread and butter benefactions, fresh air and fresh water philanthropies, are secondary to that intellectual integrity upon which alone abiding character can be built.

The Kaiser has forbidden the sale within the empire of Lamszus' "The Human Slaughter-House,"

lest it might depress the military spirit in his realms. But this same little book, of which one hundred thousand copies were sold in three months in Germany before it was suppressed, is still speeding on its mission in other countries. It has been translated into eight languages, the American edition in flaming red color, with an introduction by the English poet, Alfred Noyes, is published in New York by Frederick A. Stokes Company, and is obtainable for fifty cents. Novicow in his "War and Its Alleged Benefits," and David Starr Jordan, in "Unseen Empire," have presented in short meter, in volumes as small and as cheap, the hard, economic facts in the case. They have *argued* against war, but this German schoolmaster has simply told the story of a civilian who leaves his office desk, wife and family and marches out to the present day war. He has stripped the "field of honor" of its false glamour, and has represented instead "The Human Slaughter-House" of modern war. Says Mr. Noyes in his brief introduction: "It will certainly be said that this book exaggerates the horrors of modern war. As certainly that is a thing which this book does not do. . . . For every touch of horror in its pages the actual records of recent warfare could supply an obscure and bloodstained mass of detail which, if it were once laid before the public, would put an end to militarism in a year." This book has not only been suppressed by order of the Kaiser but the author was removed from his post as master of a public school, though, according to *The Literary Digest,* he has since been reinstated. We commend this book, and the story of its suppression in Germany, to the members of the Navy League and those who, following their lead, hope to put an end to war by multiplying the devil-instruments of destruction. The Crown Prince of Germany has tried to offer an antidote to this powerful peace document in a handsome volume which is described as "setting forth in elegant phrases and glowing pictures the charms of a soldier's life." We do not anticipate that one hundred thousand copies of this book will be sold in three months, and we do not believe that even the Navy League will want to publish a cheap edition of it for American readers.

Mrs. Emmons Crocker of Fitchburg, Mass., read a remarkably clear article on "Conservation" before the recent meeting in Washington of the "Council of the General Federation of Womans Clubs." The article is published in the June number of the *General Federation Magazine,* published at 25 West Forty-second Street, New York City. Speaking of the use of Niagara Falls as a motive power through joint agreement between Canada and the United States, by which each government is allowed to take twenty thousand cubic feet of water per second, she shows that the Province of Ontario, which has retained control of the Canadian power, is enabled to sell electricity to municipalities at the fixed rate of $8 per horse-power, making millions of dollars profit at this price, while private corporations, controlling power on the United States side, has no fixed rate, but realizes from $28 to $35 per horse-power. She is safe in the inference: "They must have a neat little sum to their credit at the end of the year." She speaks of the federal movement to protect migratory birds, and hopes that by 1914 the killing of song and insectivorous birds will be entirely prohibited. "The McLean-Weeks Bill" now pending belongs to that higher legislation which needs encouragement. She calls attention to the cruelties inflicted by Japanese and other hunters upon living albatrosses, whose pinions and pelts seem to be coveted ornaments. These poor birds are submitted to a season of cruel starvation before they are murdered that they may be more readily skinned. She appeals to women to pause when tempted to choose a hat that has cost a life, involve cruelty and a menace to agriculture.

"Perhaps the wing you are pleased to think gives a "stylish" air to your headgear was cut from one of those living albatrosses, or, maybe that "made" breast which you deem so "chic" was fashioned from one of the skins taken from the starved body."

She calls upon the Federation to support "Schedule N" of the Tariff Act, which prohibits, except for scientific purposes, the importation of the feathers of wild birds native to the United States or feathers indistinguishable from them. Farther along she discusses the conservation of the rivers. She wisely says:

"Water in the future will be one of the greatest national assets. All progress requires power. Water-power being renewable, consequently inexhaustible, therefore everlasting, will be that on which we shall have eventually to depend for heating, lighting, turning machinery, and for transportation. Electricity developed from water-power will in time revolutionize farm life, for besides affording the farmer city conveniences, it will do a large share of his field work, churn the butter, perform much of the laundry work, wash the dishes, clean the house, run the sewing machine, as well as the egg beater and the bread mixer; in fact, the possibilities of electricity (which can be more cheaply and neatly produced from water than in any other way), even taking into consideration all modern inventions, are still unknown. The whole population must rely upon the farmer for its daily bread, so as it increases, must the husbandman keep pace. The better the conditions of the farm the more men and women will be attracted to country life, the salvation of our national prosperity.

Our mills, factories and railroads will all one day be run by electricity generated by water-power.

Is it any wonder that men are trying all kinds of tricks to get possession of water-power sites, realizing that they will exceed in value any gold mine that was ever worked? But being a resource upon which all the people will have to depend, how can anyone fail to see the wisdom in having them kept under government control, that is, leasing them under certain restrictions and regulations to companies and corporations, permitting them a generous interest on their investments for development, but not allowing them to hold the whip over the dependent public and lash the people with it every time they catch them in pressing need of this essential commodity?

Fellow women and fellow men, ponder the situation! And when the call comes for help, give us your prompt and hearty support!

Freedom

The orator this year of the large class of the University of Wisconsin was a woman. This is a significant fact in itself. Her theme as announced in the newspapers was "New Interpretations of Freedom." The subject is a still more significant fact and provokes thought. From broken hints in the newspapers, we infer that this young lady orator plead for freedom from the conventions of society and the tyrannies of custom; perhaps, also, from the slavery of forms and the conservatism of creeds, economic, political and religious.

But we have no desire to plagiarize this graduation oration further than to borrow the speaker's topic for our editorial word for the Fourth of July issue of UNITY. The story of the first Fourth of July has been often told, none too often! The great Declaration of Independence has again been read throughout the length and breadth of the land. May the day never come when the reading of it in this republic of ours will be neglected on each recurring fourth day of July.

This year there will be special emphasis on the second memorable Fourth of July in the history of the republic. Fifty years ago, to the day, Vicksburg, as a citadel of rebellion, fell, and the Mississippi flowed "unvexed to the sea," and on the same day the Confederacy received its death dealing blow when the advancing columns of Lee broke on the hills of Gettysburg.

These triumphs at Vicksburg and Gettysburg are significant. They represent momentous events, but they are only half understood when regarded simply as episodes in the life of a republic. "They fought and died to save the Union!" is a familiar phrase that falls glibly from the orator's lips on Memorial days and Fourth of July occasions, but this tells but half of the story. The life of the Union is but an incident in the greater story of freedom; the emancipation of the slaves was but an episode in the larger drama of the emancipation of the mind, the freedom of the soul,—the struggle for which is the story of civilization. It was great to break the fetters that bound the limbs of men and women, it is a greater and far more difficult thing to break the fetters that bind the soul!

The Fourth of July will continue to be a day of terror, a distraction, a menace to life and limb, until it is interpreted in terms of thought and studied in the light of spiritual emancipation. Our colleague, Mr. Gannett, has recently told in these columns the stirring story of Francis David, who three centuries ago in Transylvania enacted the logical prelude to the American Declaration of Independence. Our English Unitarian exchanges have recently been full of the celebration of the centennial of the English act of Parliament that granted citizens privilege to Unitarians by repealing the proviso in "The Trinity Doctrine Bill" which had cut off the privilege of citizenship from those denying the doctrine of the Trinity.

We know of no better theme for Fourth of July meditation than the story of Roger Williams, one in the apostolic succession of freedom, the great prophet of liberty, whose history is inadequately told in this week's pages of UNITY. Roger Williams is too little known. Perhaps no name in American history has been so neglected as his. If the imperfect sketch which appears in these columns serves to provoke further research and call forth a more critical, and, on that account, a more just estimate of his life's work, we will be content, feeling that we have made not an unworthy contribution to the celebration of the great freedom festival for 1913.

Preaching, Lay and Clerical

Since the events which have led to the resignation of Prof. F. C. Doan from the Meadville Theological Seminary, the *Christian Register* and *Unitarian Advance* have published from time to time articles and letters by various persons on the pulpit and free speech. Recently the discussion has taken a practical turn, for the question has been asked by several, "Can we expect of salaried ministers anything more than to be mouthpieces of those who pay the salary? Or can a salaried minister who is progressive and independent expect to retain his position?"

We are not now concerned with the merits of this discussion except to point out that the subject is important enough to be occupying minds not only in America but in England. In the *Christian Commonwealth* (February 12, 1913, p. 364) the writer of an article on "Why the Churches Fail," says:

> I would eliminate the minister's stipend altogether; I would have him dependent upon charity, and, if he must marry, would make him ply a trade or practice a profession. Most ministers live long enough to know that they are hampered in the handling of the Word of Life by their stipend. Usually we find it out too late, when we have already accepted incumbrances and responsibilities which we cannot repudiate; but most of us do find out that we should be ten times stronger if we were poor; ten times more independent, too, and correspondingly more effective.

To those engaged in destructive criticism such passages as the foregoing are eagerly sought. But it should be borne in mind that the discouraging of clerical preaching has for its corollary the encouraging of lay preaching. In most apparently destructive criticism building and tearing down are simultaneous processes.

University of Wisconsin. PERCY M. DAWSON.

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
—*Wordsworth.*

THE PULPIT

Roger Williams, the Father of Religious Liberty in America

A Sermon by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
Minister of All Souls Church
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

There is no other name in American annals so neglected as that of Roger Williams. The place and date of his birth as well as the date of his death are matters of conjecture. American writers, when they concern themselves with him at all, are prone to reflect his controversial, political and diplomatic contentions, while his tireless energy, gentle spirit and inspiring personality are left to be matters of conjecture. John Fiske speaks of him thus:

> A learned, quick-witted, pugnacious Welshman, overfond of logical subtleties, who delighted in controversies; there was scarcely any subject about which he did not wrangle, from the sinfulness of persecution to the propriety of women wearing veils in church. Yet with all this love of controversy, there perhaps has never lived a more gentle and kindly soul. Within five years from the settlement of Massachusetts, this young preacher had announced the true principles of religious liberty with a clearness of insight quite remarkable in that age.

Whether he was the son of a Welshman living in Gwinear in Cornwall, to whom the parish register affixes the name "gentleman," or whether he was the son of James Williams, a Welsh tailor in London, whose wife's name was "Alice," is a matter about which biographers disagree, the latest authorities leaning to the London tailor paternity, and fixing the birth year at 1607.

The first real glimpse we have of him is in a note of Mrs. Sadlier, daughter of the learned Sir Edward Coke, who wrote:

> Roger Williams as a youth was wont to take down in shorthand the sermons and speeches in the Star Chamber and present them to my dear father, who, seeing so hopeful a youth, took such a liking to him that he sent him into Sutton's Hospital, and he was the second that was placed there.

This "Sutton's Hospital" came to be the famous "Charter House," which down to this day has been an asylum for the aged and a stimulating school for the young. Sutton was one of the merchant princes of Queen Elizabeth's time. It was he who prayed:

> Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use thereof.

With his wealth he purchased for thirteen thousand pounds the Charter House estate of the Earl of Suffolk, which he dedicated as a shelter to eighty aged people and a school for forty-four boys. On the walls of this Charter House School, placed there by an American citizen, is now to be seen a white marble tablet framed in yellow marble, bearing this inscription:

> **Roger Williams**
> **the founder of Rhode Island, the man who tolerated all religious faiths, in an intolerable age, studied here**

After completing his preliminary studies there he seems to have entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1624, where specimens of his handwriting are still found. After his graduation he probably commenced to study law under Judge Coke, but, as he himself says in one of his books:

> From my childhood, the Father of lights and mercies touched my soul with a love for himself to his only begotten son, the true Lord Jesus, and to his holy scripture.

And so he turned from law to take up the more attractive study of theology. The spirit of protest was upon him from the start. His ministry must necessarily be a free one, so on December 1, 1630, he took his young bride, Mary, and sailed away on the ship Lyons from the port of Bristol for the chances which the New World offered for usefulness. Sixty-five days measured the tempestuous voyage, at the end of which he landed at Boston. Governor Winthrop pronounced him a "Godly minister." Opportunity was promptly given him to enter upon his chosen work in the new settlement of Boston, but he declined because they were not "Separated," as the Pilgrims were who settled at Plymouth, i. e., they were simply "Non-conforming Episcopalians;" they still claimed the right to discipline spiritual as well as civic misdemeanors.

Williams from the start denied the power of civil magistrates to punish for violations of the "First Table of the Law,"—the table of piety,—man's relations to his God. But in a few weeks he was invited again to become "assistant teacher" in Salem. This he accepted, though the general court of the Boston Colony remonstrated. The relations evidently proved uncongenial, and a few months later he removed to Plymouth, where he was welcomed by Governor Bradford, who wrote:

> He was freely entertained according to our poor ability, and he exercised his gifts among us; and after some time he was admitted a member of the church and his teachings well approved.

Here he labored for two years, supporting himself by manual toil during the week and teaching the Pilgrim Fathers on Sunday. Governor Winthrop visiting the colony from the Boston church, writes in his diary:

> In the afternoon Mr. Roger Williams, according to their custom, propounded a question, to which the pastor, Mr. Smith, spake briefly; then Mr. Williams prophesied, and after, the Governor of Plymouth spake to the question; after him, the Elder, then some two or three more of the congregation; then the Elder desired the Governor of Massachusetts and Mr. Wilson to speak to it, which they did.

This ecclesiastical freedom, this persistent teaching of the principle of soul-liberty filled the Elder Brewster with anxiety, and when a call came from Salem again, begging Williams to return, he advised the church to demit him. In the later controversy John Cotton, Williams' great antagonist, remembered that "Elder Brewster warned the whole church of the danger of his spirit."

Quietly, and perhaps unconsciously to himself and his neighbors, during this two years stay at Plymouth, Mr. Williams was fitting himself for a ministry second in importance only to the ministry of liberty, in the interest of which he crossed the seas, namely, the ministry of Peace. He mingled with the Indian chiefs in the neighborhood; with them he exchanged the most valuable of human products, an exchange of which only scholars and men endowed with high scholarly instincts and ambitions are capable—an exchange of language. Williams taught the Indians English and the principles of Christianity, they taught him the speech of the Red Man, and, necessarily at the same time, revealed to him the spirit of the Red Man. All through the remainder of his life—forty years or

more—he was the interpreter of the Indians, the go-between and peace-maker between the natives and the white intruders. "My soul's desire was to do the natives good," he said. Massasoit was his friend, and his son, Philip, was Williams' pupil. In another letter he wrote:

> God was pleased to give us a painful patient spirit to lodge with them in their filthy smoky holes (even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem) to gain their tongue.

In 1633 the young minister with his wife and their first-born, Mary the second, ventured again within the jurisdiction of the Bay, and took up the work of a teacher in Salem. But the Boston ministers were vigilant from the start. The ministers' meeting, held from house to house, objected to his presence. He denied the adequacy of the English title to lands and claimed that the Indians had rights which ought to be satisfied, and he always had the courage of his convictions.

At the end of two years the senior pastor of Salem died, but the magistrates protested against the installing of Roger Williams into the full pastorate. There were controversies about the right of women to wear veils in churches. Governor Endicott cut the cross out of the English standard because it "was a symbol of popery," and the loyal Englishmen charged it to the influence of the new minister.

Things grew rapidly worse. In July, 1656, when he was but twenty-eight years of age, he was summoned to Boston to answer charges before the General Court. He was accused of teaching that magistrates ought not to punish a breach of the first table except when it occasioned a disturbance of the civil peace; that the church had no right to impose an oath on an unbeliever; that a man need not pray with such, and that the prayer at the sacrament or after meat must not be enforced by the magistrates. These only supported and re-enforced the main charge, viz., that Williams maintained that civil magistrates might not intermeddle even to stop a church from heresy and apostasy.

Williams' defence was that none of his teachings "led to a breach of holy or civil peace, of which I have ever desired to be unfeignedly tender."

The trial, like most ecclesiastical trials, seemed to go all one way. A Rev. Mr. Hooker was chosen to dispute with him, but Governor Winthrop in his diary says:

> He could not reduce him from any of his errors. So, the next morning, the Court sentenced him to depart out of our jurisdiction within six weeks, all the ministers save one, approving the sentence.

On his return to Salem he found his own church disclaiming responsibility for their beloved pastor, and acknowledging their fault in having joined with him.

> It is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing, which, if he neglects to perform, it shall be lawful for the Governor and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without license from the Court.

So ran the sentence. The magistrates grew anxious even under the six weeks leniency; they were afraid of his power; they were afraid he would be able to carry out his expressed purpose of *"establishing an independent community where all men may walk as their conscience persuades them, every one in the name of God."* So they sent a sloop to Salem, ordering the captain to apprehend Williams and carry him on board a ship about to sail to England. The captain found the wife and children but the minister had departed three days before. He had "a friend at court" in Governor Winthrop, who apparently was ashamed of the precipitancy and narrowness of his clerical colleagues and had advised Roger Williams to retire promptly. Of Governor Winthrop, years afterwards, Williams wrote: "Though he was carried with the stream for my banishment, he tenderly loved me to his last breath."

Thus it was that in mid-winter, January, 1636, this apostel of religious liberty secretly departed from Salem, leaving behind his wife and children. He sailed away, according to the advice of Governor Winthrop, to the Indians on Narragansett Bay, where he would be beyond English claims and patents. His own account of it runs as follows:

> I steered my course from Salem—though in winter snow, which I feel yet—unto these parts, wherein I may say *Peniel,* that is, I have seen the face of God. I first pitched, and then began to build and plant at Seehonk, now Rehoboth; but I received a letter from my ancient friend, Mr. Winslow, then Governor of Plymouth, professing his own and others' love and respect to me, yet lovingly advising me, since I was fallen into the edge of their bounds, and they were loth to displease the Bay, to remove but to the other side of the water; and then he said I had the country free before me, and might be as free as themselves, and we should be loving neighbors together. These were the joint understandings of these two wise and eminently Christian Governors, and others, in their day, together with their counsel and advice as to the freedom and vacancy of this place, which in this respect and many other providences of the Most Holy and Only Wise, I called Providence.

The voyage ended, he had the bitterness of exposure on land; "fourteen weeks in bitter winter season, without knowing what bread or bed did mean," is his own phrase. He found his only shelter at the hands of the Indians, whose language he had mastered for a purpose higher than he could have dreamed of.

Finally the landing was made on Rhode Island, to which spot, he says, "In gratitude to God's merciful providence to me in my distress, I gave the name of Providence."

The story of Roger Williams henceforth is the story of the planting of the first commonwealth in history, into the fundamental constitution of which was incorporated an unequivocal guarantee of religious liberty. From Constantine to Williams the church, everywhere and always, dominated the state; the priests more or less directly always claimed to be the arbiters of the civic and physical interests as well as the spiritual destinies of men.

Thomas Jefferson has been well called the Father of Civil Liberty, but great as was his work, it was neither so unique nor so difficult a task as that which this still unappreciated Welshman accomplished in the wilds of Rhode Island. The quality and quantity of the work accomplished cannot be appreciated until the spirit of the Puritans, of which he was one, and with which he contended, is closely studied.

The religious traditions of the United States, particularly those of the northern states, have lumped New England into one estimate and one movement. The Puritans have been studied in bulk, as though they were a coherent and consistent body moving forward with one spirit and for one end and that end the establishing of religious and civil liberty. Nothing is further from the truth. There is good history back of the pleasantry which says that the Puritans sought the western shore that they might enjoy the privilege

of worshiping God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and the further privilege of making all others worship in the same way.

John Fiske puts into the mouth of Governor Winthrop, one of the most liberal of the Massachusetts men, as the substance of his teaching on this matter, the words:

> We believe it to be important that the members of a Christian commonwealth should all hold the same opinions regarding essentials, and of course it is for us to determine what are essentials. If people who have come here with us hold different views, they have made a great mistake and had better go back to England. But if, holding different views, they still wish to remain in America, let them leave us in peace, and going elsewhere, found communities according to their conceptions of what is best. We do not wish to quarrel with them, but we will tell them plainly that they cannot stay here.

And this is literally what they undertook to do. The banishment of Roger Williams is but one of a series of such acts. The brilliant, noble Harry Vane arrived in Boston three months before Williams had to fly. Though a young man of twenty-four he was of such brilliant powers that he was made Governor of Massachusetts; but the spirit was too intolerant, the air too dogmatic for him to stay, and in a little over two years he went back to England to a larger career and to a tragic death for truth's sake.

Next year came Anne Hutchinson, that brilliant woman who preached transcendentalism before the Transcendentalists, the first woman's club woman in the United States; a woman who was heard in the pulpit and had a growing following, but she could not stay. She and her band of followers had to go, and they turned their faces towards the more hospitable Rhode Island. Eventually she gave up her life to the Indians' tomahawk in the neighborhood of New York.

The persecuted Quakers of course were drawn to Boston, but when Anne Austin and Mary Fisher of this fellowship landed from Barbadoes on a bright May morning in 1656, they were promptly locked up in jail lest they might proclaim their heresies to the crowd that with pious curiosity gathered around them; a council pronounced their doctrines blasphemous; their books were burned and they themselves, John Fiske says, half starved for five months until the ship they had come in was ready to return to Barbadoes. Later these Quaker missionaries found the Mohammedans of Turkey more tolerant than the Puritans of Massachusetts.

Following these two women came eight Quakers from London. They were promptly arrested and laws were passed against them. The penalties of these laws were cumulative; this is the series: Flogging, imprisonment at hard labor, cutting off the ears, and for a third offense the tongue bored with a hot iron. Finally, in 1658, capital punishment was recommended. Next year three men and one woman were hung. This was going farther than England ever carried its persecution of the Quakers.

No man could dissent more heartily from the Quaker doctrine than Roger Williams. Perhaps he never came so near the intolerant spirit as in the book entitled, "George Fox Dig'd out of His Burrowes." And George Fox never came so near dealing in venom as in his reply entitled "A New England Fire-Brand Quenched." And still the Rhode Island colony not only refused to join with the New England Confederacy in a movement to keep out the Quakers, but it welcomed them in spite of their views. When George Fox first visited this country he did not dare go farther north than Newport, Rhode Island, where he was sheltered notwithstanding his teachings. Hither Williams went to hold high debate with Fox but not to suppress him. The Providence preacher made the journey of thirty miles in his own rowboat, he himself working the oars.

As with the Quakers, so with the Jews. Williams plead their cause with the powers in England, and the hunted children of Israel found shelter in Newport, where the lonely graves of the exiled community, centuries later, moved Longfellow to sing that pathetic song of toleration:

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world wher'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

Twice at least during his lifetime Roger Williams returned to England in the interest of the new community. The first time he had to sail from Manhattan, the New York, to be, for he was an exile from Boston. Once his stay abroad was nearly three years in duration, during which time he was deep in the politics of the Protectorate, a helper of Cromwell and an intimate of his secretary, "Mr. Milton," to whom he taught Dutch. During this time he was active in alleviating the sufferings of the poor by importing wood fuel into London.

American historians have had so much to do in securing for the Puritan becoming respect; in exploiting the valor and the vigor of the stock that peopled Massachusetts and its overflowing colonies, that they have done but scant justice to that benignant, ameliorating power represented by Roger Williams. He came to reform the reformers, of whom Hawthorne said: "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages."

Williams had much fighting to do. The titles of his books suggest controversy: "The Bloudy Tenant of Persecution for Cause of Conscience; A Dialogue Between Truth and Peace," which a Presbyterian House of Commons caused to be burned in England, is his most noted work. To this John Cotton wrote a reply entitled "Bloudy Tenant Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb." In due time came the rejoinder from Williams, "The Bloudy Tenant yet more Bloudy by Mr. Cotton's Attempt to Wash it White in the Bloud of the Lamb."

But liberty and the love of liberty breeds tenderness, not violence. Governor Winthrop wrote to him, "We have taxed your patience often but never exhausted it." His latest biographer—so far as I know—Oscar S. Straus, says: "In no act of his life is a spirit of selfishness disclosed." And again, "His patriotism was never dimmed by a shadow of suspicion of self interest." He plead with Massachusetts against selling liquor to the Indians. Says his biographer:

"However pugnacious, he held his colony with a firm hand and a wise head." He ever preferred to be the power behind the throne to being the power on the throne.

When the Indians at last were nagged into violence and did invade Rhode Island, Roger Williams, unarmed save with his staff, went out to meet them. He failed to turn them back, but they said, "We will not hurt you, Brother Williams."

This accomplished linguist, the master of seven languages, spent his seventy and more years in unceasing toil, much of the time earning his bread by manual labor. He alludes to a sacrifice of interest by his refusing to kiss the Bible when taking an oath in England, but furnishes no particulars. Here is a man who kindled the spirit of liberty but never lit the fires of persecution.

Roger Williams is generally claimed by the Baptists. They are fond of conjuring by his name to this day. He did yield to the rite of immersion and administer it to others when the Baptists were spoken ill of, but he seems to have retained his connection with the church but for a few months. His theological writings have been most in evidence, but they do not adequately represent the deep currents that must have flowed through such a life. During his first voyage back to England he wrote a "Key Into the Language of the Indians of America," and later in life, under the guise of a series of letters to his wife, he published a book entitled "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health," in which work one will probably find the truer because the deeper interpretations of his life. His letter in this book on "The Shadow of Death" is pervaded with what we in these days boastingly call the "new thoughts of death." Here are sample sentences:

> How contented should we be with any pittance, any allowance of bread, of clothes, of friendship, of respect, etc.!
>
> How thankful unto God, unto man, should we poor strangers be for the last crumb, or drop, we are but strangers in an inn, but passengers in a ship; and though we dream of long summer days, yet our very life and being is but a swift short passage from the bank of time to the other side or bank of a doleful eternity!
>
> How quietly, without the swellings of revenge and wrath, should we bear the daily injuries, reproaches, persecutings, etc., from the hands of man, who pass away and wither, it may be before night, like grass or as the smoke on the chimney's top, and their love and hatred shall quickly perish!

These are the things that made him so regardless of temporal consequences, that gave him his unruffled serenity and made him so ready to die when the time came.

I believe that Roger Williams has not yet found a place in the Hall of Fame that is being reared on the banks of the Hudson. He is seldom held up as an ideal to youth; he does not enter to any extent into the category of the political orator or religious leader, but his day is surely coming.

The first compact of the little band of exiles on the hill slopes of Providence carried thirteen signatures, five of which were made with an "X." It is out of such humble material that the foundation was laid of the first free state. Williams' first-born son was probably the first white child born in Rhode Island. The last charter he obtained from Charles II, after the Restoration, was so wisely drawn, liberty was so securely vouchsafed, that it served the commonwealth of Rhode Island for one hundred and eighty years. It was not changed until 1843, and it would still be a fair model for a new state.

When the modern spirit of commercialism was anticipated in his day and the residents began to clamor for a division of the common lands, Roger Williams, ever vigilant for the spirit, reminded the settlers of the cause which brought them hither. He says:

> All experience tells us that public peace and love is better than abundance of corn and cattle. I have one only motion and petition, which I earnestly pray the town to lay at heart, as ever they look for a blessing from God on the town, on your families, your corn and cattle, and your children after you; it is this, that after you have got over the black brook of some soul bondage yourselves, you tear not down the bridge after you, by leaving no small pittance for distressed souls that may come after you.

Alas! how many bridges of this kind have been torn down since his day. What selfish snarling have we heard from would-be patriotic lips about the "Burden of America," "Illiterate Immigrants," the "Scum of Europe," etc., mindless of the fact that not only America's glory lies in its being the asylum for the oppressed of the world, but its strength has come from the very same fact. What man of New England has done more toward making America strong as well as noble than Roger Williams, the first advocate of religious liberty in the land and one of the earliest advocates of such liberty in the world's history.

It is not surprising that the life of this man should attract a scholarly Jew, modernized by the severe discipline of bigotry, humanized by unspeakable wrongs perpetrated on his race. It is creditable to the race, to America and to Oscar Straus, the busy man of affairs, that he should turn aside and give us such a life of such a man. But it is exceedingly surprising that this great missionary of a great world shaping cause, should be so neglected by his own immediate spiritual descendants. What fog dimmed the eyes of the great prophets of New England that they did not recognize in this great man their immediate predecessor and forerunner? How are we to account for the astounding fact that in the general index of the definitive editions of the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker, the name of Roger Williams, their spiritual father, does not appear. As sad and surprising is the fact that judged by the titles of their collected works, the same is true of the major bards of America, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier.

Roger Williams is not sufficiently honored. We have not yet risen to an appreciation of the message he so generously gave his life to promulgate. Roger Williams' successors are not to be enumerated by the statistics of the Baptist Church; he is not represented by those who today hold his theological opinions or reflect his biblical interpretations. His successors are represented by the still meager but always heroic line of heretics,—the Ballous, the Channings, the Bushnells, the Beechers, the Parkers, and those who today hold theological opinions secondary to religious hospitality and ethical earnestness. Religious liberty is not secured by state enactments; the menace of religious liberty is not simply the jail and the sheriff, but the ostracising spirit of the community; the intimidating power of society; the tyranny of the majority; the spirit of the heresy-hunter; the hard literalism of those who still summon living teachers to the tribunal of the dead letter.

The story of Rhode Island is not yet sufficiently

appreciated. The spirit of *toleration* is not adequately expressed for the twentieth century until it is changed into a spirit of *appreciation,* of sympathy, of co-operation. Would we understand Roger Williams, we must enter into joyfoul comradeship with those who differ from us. He demonstrated that religion could survive, independent of state enactment. It is for us to demonstrate that religion can survive independent of ecclesiastical enactments; that the unit of religion is the soul of man, and not the church, the creed, the cult, or the race. "Soul-liberty" was his phrase; it is our phrase. Service and co-operation was his method; it must be our method.

Tested by this standard, Roger Williams is a neglected hero; his day has not yet fully arrived. May we help bring it.

SOUL

Man's possibilities of soul are not yet apprehended, even dimly,—much less understood. The task of apprehending such possibilities is one the world may, shortly, have time to undertake. Let it once settle its social question right, then it can attend to something of real religion. When men have time, proper rest and leisure, freedom from the perpetual grinding of millstones and machinery, just to live, they will find out what living means—what religion might mean.

Everything man has gained of material good he has gained through and by the use of the untamed things and forces at his hand, bending them to his purposes;—inspired to this by the unfolding spirit within him,—spirit evolving he knows, even yet, not how or whence, but through use growing constantly to more and more, not only taming the natural elements, but taming himself, and blossoming in the centuries even into brotherhood, art and song. By and by he shall use spirit for something even higher—to find soul.

Soul, as I use the word, is something more and greater than the "spirit" by means of which man has grown into material good. Spirit is of the nature of intellect. Soul—who shall define it? It is self-recognition; it is universe recognition; it is consciousness of oneness with the Nature of Things. It is blessedness and peace. The world will shortly have time for its more complete discovery, its larger apprehension. In the majority of men it has yet to awake.

Soul was perhaps coming to conscious recognition of itself, when medieval dogma put it to sleep. And medieval conditions in religion still largely persist today; the liturgies, anthems, responsive readings, prayers, because they either mean nothing at all or are only archaic survivals of dead dreams, weary and palsy the spirit and hinder the struggling soul from rousing. What passes for worship is mostly delusion —religious dry-rot. Unfortunately at the same time modern knowledge—science—is as yet too new and crass to take note of soul; soul's awaking is thus still further delayed. But its time is near. What the world today most needs to know is that it has never yet really been religious; it has only made feints at it. Also, it needs to know that to be religious is possible for it, to its great advantage.

JAMES H. WEST.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The little Ought is the Infinite Ought *there* and *then.* There is no little and big in Ought any more than there is little and big in gravitation.

MON.—Ever a new ideal rises in the soul, as an old ideal is organized into character.

TUES.—The one way to realize the ideal—is loyalty to the seen Right of the moment.

WED.—As long as conscience is living, and in proportion as it is vital and able to ache, it binds to the Right.

THURS.—Call it by what name we will, we depend, and can depend, on an Infinite Helpfulness in all our trying.

FRI.—Every day we live we face a world of need and tragedy. Every day our sympathies should lead us towards that world to serve it.

SAT.—It is a simple fact that faith in Nature's goodness grows in proportion as we are good ourselves.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

XVII.

ZECHARIAH.

TEXT: *Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith Jehovah of the hosts.*

ZECH iv:6.

If the message of Haggai and Zechariah is not so lofty and universal as that of many of the other prophets, their situation is exceedingly interesting and what we read between the lines is most fascinating. The lofty poetry of the "Great Unknown," the daring dreams of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, had fired the survivors of the old regime. The Babylonish Jews had come back, to promote a greater Israel, a new kingdom, that would more than realize the dreams of the olden times.

In this reconstruction period we have the records of three prophets,—the last three of the long line of prophets,—their faces turned eagerly toward the future with great courage and great expectation. We may group the prophets as follows:

8th Century—Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah.

7th Century—Nahum, Zephaniah, Jeremiah.

6th Century—Habakkuk, Ezekiel, Obadiah, the Great Unknown, Joel, Haggai, Zechariah.

5th Century—Malachi.

Let us stimulate our imaginations by a look down the centuries from Hammurabi and Moses through the long stretches of time in which the spiritual life of the Jews was slowly unfolding. How long it took to produce this group of peculiarly, ethically inspired men. There is not another spot in human history which presents an assemblage of witnesses who have so crowned the subsequent centuries. The Greek sages Sokrates, Plato and Aristotle, and the Greek poets Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, did not put the emphasis on the ethical as did the Hebrews. The Greeks were intensely enamored of the beautiful in the world, in art, in poetry, as distinguished from life. They did not grip the fundamental, ethical quality of Divinity, or the unity of the universe. The Greek gods behaved shamefully, they failed to lift

the people to ethical altitudes. The minor Hebrew prophets, on whom we most easily turn our backs, were those who truly held the ethical thought of God, and the sense of "oneness." The Hebrews got beyond the polytheistic conception of deity which obtained even in Greece.

So Zechariah, inspired by the word that had come from the banks of the Euphrates, tried to do the same kind of things that his contemporary Haggai did. He tried to impress the survivors of the old regime who only remembered what grandfather said about it, with a sense of duty and opportunity. The great difference between Haggai and Zechariah is that Haggai is terse, keen and scathing, in the teachings, while Zechariah is poetic, figurative and symbolic,—just as Lloyd Garrison and Whittier were burdened with the same message concerning the anti-slavery movement, but one was direct and didactic, while the other was indirect and poetic.

We come upon two or three very interesting things here. The Angelology contained in the latter part of the Bible springs up at this time through Persian influence. Here for the first time in the Bible, chronologically speaking, we come upon Satan. This is not the Devil as we conceive of him. The word Satan means "Accuser," the detective of the Almighty, the Pinkerton from heaven who went round about to discover defects. This idea coming from Persian thought into Jewish literature we meet for the first time in Zechariah. Later, it appears in Job.

There are fourteen chapters in this book, only eight of which are the work of Zechariah. Here again, as we found in the book of Isaiah, the last six chapters have been telescoped into it; they belong clearly to another time and are probably a fragment from the eighth century. This is shown by the mention of idolatry and trouble from Edom, which in Zechariah's time was ancient history. The first eight chapters belong to the sixth century and consist of a series of pictures or visions. Zechariah was a student of Ezekiel. He caught Ezekiel's trick of teaching in visions and dooms and the book belongs in that class of literature called the Apocalyptic, of which we, from this time on, shall hear much. The last book in the New Testament is the most elaborate and fantastic development of this style of writing,—Ezekiel commenced it, Zechariah continued it.

The Cavalry figure in the first vision, chapter i:8-14, is probably another echo from the Persians who used cavalry largely in their armies. In the third chapter we come upon a reference to the "Branch," in which orthodoxy sees a prophecy of the branch of Jesse that bloomed in Nazareth 300 years later, but the student sees that it is clearly a reference to Zerubbabel, the Prince of the royal house, who worked with Joshua, the priest. In this chapter, too, is the fine figure of the golden candlestick. Zerubbabel was one of the "olive trees" which furnished the oil; "Not by might nor by power," but by Jehovah through Prince Zerubbabel and Priest Joshua. The seventh and eighth chapters continue with encouragement and exhortation.

The work of elimination must be thorough if we would come to the universal truth in these writings,—the absolute identity of religion with character. The fundamental thing is to behave yourself, to do right in your dealings with one another! This is the message of Zechariah!

QUESTIONS ON ZECHARIAH.

1. What makes Zechariah interesting?
2. Group the prohpets in the order of time.
3. What is the difference between the Greek sages and poets and the Hebrew prophets as to their teaching?
4. What is the style of literature to which Zechariah belongs? Define it.
5. What is the essential teaching of the book?

The Pest of Glory

What shall we say of the progress in the art of killing in these centuries of Christian civilization?

Benjamin Franklin, in 1782, after the battle of Martinique, wrote thus of what he elsewhere called the "Pest of Glory": "A young Angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business for the first time, had an old courier spirit assigned him as a guide. As they arrived over the seas of Martinico in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and de Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs and bodies dead or dying, the ships sinking, burning or blown into the air, and the quantity of pain, misery and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing around to one another; he turned eagerly to his guide and said: 'You blundering blockhead you, so ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to Earth, and you have brought me to Hell.' 'No, sir,' replied the guide, 'I have made no mistake. This is really the Earth, and these are men. Devils never treat each other in this cruel manner. They have more sense and more of what men call humanity.'"

Gustaf Janson of Sweden, in 1912, one hundred and thirty years later, after the battle of the Tripoli Oasis, wrote thus of what he called "the pride of war":

The bird-man had returned from his flight into the desert where he bombs he threw had stirred up the sands about the Arab encampment.

The general shook him warmly by the hand once more and stood for a few minutes sunk in thought. "Gentlemen," he began suddenly, turning to the officers, "it is incredible how the technique of war has changed. Telephones, telegraphs, wireless communications—war makes use of all these. It presses every new invention into its service. Really, most impressive. I have just been reading the latest aviation news from Europe. Our ally, Germany, and our blood-relation, France, possess at this moment the largest fleets of aeroplanes in the world. The distance between Metz and Paris can be covered in a few hours. The three hundred aeroplanes which Germany possesses at this moment, all constructed and bought in France, could throw down ten thousand kilos of dynamite on the metropolis of the world in less than half an hour. This is a positively gigantic thought! In the middle of the night these three hundred flying machines cross the border, and before daybreak Paris is a heap of ruins! Magnificent, gentlemen, magnificent! . . . Unexpectedly, without any previous warning, the rain of dynamite bursts over the town. One explosion follows on the other. Hospitals, theaters, schools, museums, public buildings, private houses, all are demolished. The roofs break in, the floors sink through to the cellars, crumbling ruins block up the streets. The sewers break and send their foul contents over everything. . . . everything. The water pipes burst and there are floods. The gas pipes burst, gas streams out and explodes and causes an outbreak of fire. The electric light goes out. You hear sound of people running together, cries for help, shrieking and wailing, the splashing of water, the roaring of fire. And above all can be heard the detonations

occurring with mathematical precision. Walls fall in, whole buildings disappear in the gaping ground. Men, women and children rush about with mad terror among the ruins. They drown in filth, they are burnt, blown to pieces in explosions, annihilated, exterminated. Blood streams over the ruins and filth; gradually the shrieks for help die down. When the last flying machine has done its work and turned northwards again, the bombardment is finished. In Paris a stillness reigns, such as has never reigned there before.

We can imagine, on the other hand, that the French have carried out this same operation against Berlin, possibly London. Who knows what political combination the future may have in store? But be that as it may, it only remains to us gratefully to dedicate ourselves to the new and glorious task now set before us. Gentlemen, I bare my head before the marvelous and unceasing progress of mankind." The general removed his cap, and his voice vibrated with gratitude to the merciful Providence which would perhaps grant that he would live to see this vision come true; and he continued: "In the face of this triumphant progress which I have just described I am not overstepping the mark when I say that we are approaching perfection."

It is said that for one hundred and fifty years after the death of Jesus, his followers refused to fight in any battle or in any army.

David Starr Jordan.

The Study Table

New Books

From *Macmillans* I am in receipt of THE CHURCH AND THE CHANGING ORDER, by Prof. Matthews of Chicago University. This book is one of those straightforward appeals of Prof. Matthews to the Church to adjust itself to modern times. He feels as all thinking men do that we are being made over for a new tomorrow. He feels also, that which escapes the superficial observer, that the elemental and spiritual evolution of our times involves religious thought and religious life. A dismantled church is everywhere present; now what are we to do about it. The book is a good one for ministers to study. No one will come away tired and empty.

From the same firm I get THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH, by Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York City. This book is not what I expected, nor exactly what I care for. It does, however, very well fill the bill of a series of lectures. Its list of appreciative readers will be somewhat limited, because of this lecture spirit and tone. There are hundreds of passages in the book of this sort, "The man himself must be a sermon." "In preaching it is the character of the preacher which is the preacher's power." "No matter what else a seminary may do, it does not do the chief thing if it does not send into the churches well equipped and able preachers." "God hides certain things from the wise and prudent—and also from fools." "Any man who knows how to preach is certain of a hearing." These are only a handful from a single opening of the book, and they illustrate just what we have, multiplied, from title page to end; that is bright and frequently witty passages. Dr. Jefferson undoubtedly must be placed among our ablest preachers, simply because he can keep people awake with such passages as I have quoted.

The same publishers send me THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY, in two volumes, by Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard. These two volumes are exactly unlike the one I have noted from Dr. Jefferson. They are smooth, discursive, and get at the subejct, every time, not as a preacher, but as a professor. He takes us like a lot of Harvard boys, and gently rolling over the topic, and turning it around to face all points of the compass, he gets at the demonstration, in due time. I think I should like to hear Dr. Royce talk; and I am sure that somewhere in each chapter there is something very much worth the while.

From *Macmillans* also I have a small volume, entitled MORAL TRAINING IN THE SCHOOL AND HOME. This book will pay you well if you will use it for what it is intended, that is, as a help for moral training in schools and homes. It has in some of its features a formality that could be dispensed with. However, it is a "manual," and that excuses the features to which I refer. I do not know a better book to compare with it. If you use it study it closely.

Finally, from the same house, WILSAM, by S. C. Nethersole. I have not finished reading this volume, but I am getting out of it a lot of good. I do not see why any fiction should be placed before us that is not just as real as facts. I hate more and more these novels that are made up without a pebble of truth or even the atmosphere of good will: which is not the case with WILSAM.

From *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*, I get "V. V.'s Eyes," the new book by Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of "Queed." I expected to say that this book surpassed its predecessor. I have read carefully over eighty pages, but am unable to say anything near that. It sounds very much as if Mr. Harrison must make up his mind to a moderate reception of his second book, in order to prepare him to write us a third much better than anything he has yet done. There is a tone about this volume, an atmosphere which was not connected with "Queed;" which was a book lacking self consciousness; this volume gives me Mr. Harrison constantly.

E. P. POWELL.

The American Unitarian Association has in press a volume entitled: "The Contributions of American Churches to Religious and Civil Liberty," by Rev. C. W. Wendte. It consists of ten papers by as many prominent representatives of leading churches of the United States, read at the Rochester, N. Y., Congress of Religious Liberals in January last. Such writers as Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, Prof. Williston Walker, William Elliot Griffis, Edwin D. Mead and Rabbi Enelow ought to make this a volume of unusual interest.

THE CATTLE.

The cattle are browsing in the meads
Where the clover loves to come,
Where grasses brush against the weeds,
While golden bumblers hum.
At eve the cattle for me wait,
And watch for me, one by one,
Until they hear me loose the gate,
And call them to follow on.

I love them as with setting sun
They meekly follow me,
Down the path by wild flowers run,
Where the brook runs by the lea.
There's strength within each shaggy beast,
And thoughts of honest toil
From the cattle as they come to feast
Or roam on the great earth's soil.

—*John Ingleton.*

From Our Dumb Animals for June.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, ERIE, PA.

Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes, Minister.

We have added three new organizations to our church forces during the last year. All of them seemed to be needed, and to meet a demand not supplied by the older and regular organizations of the church. They are as follows: A Boys' Club, in which the pastor meets the boys of the Sunday School from 10 to 15 years of age for a couple of hours' fun and training in the gymnasium of the church. A Unity Club, a social organization for the young people in the church, which meets every two weeks for social enjoyment. A weekly Conference of Religion, which meets every Monday evening for a conference on the things of the spirit. The regular work of the church has moved on with increasing strength and helpfulness during the year. The Sunday morning and evening services have greatly increased in attendance and many new members and families have been added to the working forces of our church.

The Woman's Alliance has had one of its best years. It began the year with a rally day at which some fifty women attended and 20 new members joined the organization. It carried out an ethical and literary program of high order during the year, conducted several suppers and church functions, entertained Mrs. Peterson, and became interested in the Alliance work in the South, managed a church fair at which $500 was cleared, and closed its season with a party at the home of the pastor and his wife at which 100 women both of the church and the Alliance were present. We have been visited during the year by President Southworth of the Meadville School, Dr. Crapsey, and Rev. Rumball of Rochester, and Dr. Starbuck of Boston, all of them delivering splendid messages which greatly helped our cause.

In February and March we conducted six Sunday night services in the Majestic Theater, which proved a great success. The meetings were managed by 30 men from the Men's Club, and the trustees of the church, working on five different committees. Mr. Byrnes delivered six sermon-lectures on the fundamental principles of the Liberal Faith, and the attendance ranged from 500 on a very stormy night to 1,700, the high water mark of our cause in Erie. The other four meetings ranged around 1,500 people, and at all the meetings over two-thirds were men, with a large per cent of young men.

These meetings popularized our movement here, made us many new friends, gave the members of the Evangelical churchs a better understanding of our faith and purpose, increased the regular attendance at our Shnday services after they were over, and added 35 new members to our church organization. The three daily papers in the city published Mr. Byrnes' sermons in full and thus reached the people of the city and northwestern Pennsylvania.

Many good results came out of the campaign but one of the best was the sudden birth of our weekly Conference of Religion, which meets on every Monday night. For the last few years as our movement has grown in interest the pastor has had many people come to his home to inquire about our faith, and the conditions of membership in our church. After the first meeting in the Majestic Theater these inquirers increased in number so that the pastor conceived the idea of having a fixed time and place for such people to meet him. So he announced a Monday night Conference of Religion, at which he would deliver a short address on some fundamental principle of our faith to be followed by questions, discussions, heart to heart conferences on the deep things of the spirit.

The result was an attendance of from 75 to 100 people during the period of our theater meetings over 50 per cent of them strangers and new friends of our cause. These conferences helped us to get acquainted with the new people coming to our meetings, to reach the most interested at the theater meetings, to explain to them more in detail our message, than the larger meetings afforded a chance to do, and to get their names and addresses for further calling and acquaintance with them.

These conferences, however, have proved so welcome to many of our older members, as well as to the new ones, that we have kept them up with new discovery every week of their spiritual value to the church, the new members and to the pastor as well in his understanding of the needs of the people, and we are planning to continue them next year. The attendance has now dropped to the normal and regular number of

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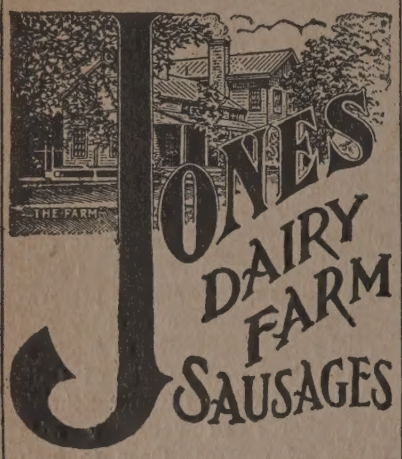

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